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# GRANGERS

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# THE GRANGERS,

AND OTHER STORIES.

BY

MISS S. O'H. DICKSON,

*Author of "Howard McPhlinn," "The Story of Marthy,"  
"Guessing at Heroes," etc.*

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DEDICATED  
TO  
MY SUNDAY-SCHOOL CLASS.







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# THE GRANGERS.

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## CHAPTER I.

### A HAPPY FAMILY.

“**T**HE Grangers are a very happy family,” said Aunt Susie, “and I would like to tell you why, children.”

It was a rainy afternoon and the Holmes children could not go out, so they had gathered in Aunt Susie’s room, and were begging for tales.

Aunt Susie was Mr. Holmes’ unmarried sister, and spent most of her time with them; but she had just returned from a visit to Sunny Side, the beautiful country home of the Grangers, who were old-time friends of hers.

In reply to two or three requests for “a tale,” all spoken at the same time, Aunt Susie had smiled and made the remark with which our



story opens, a remark that did not seem to be a very good beginning for a tale.

“O! Auntie, tell a sure enough tale,” said Ruth, rather impatiently.

“Yes! yes! and a great long one, too,” said Teddy; “long as the afternoon!”

This was a much funnier speech spoken than it is written, for Teddy talked very slowly and dragged out those two words, “g-r-e-a-t l-o-n-g,” stretching his arms at the same time until they seemed themselves as long as the afternoon!

“Well, dears, you know the same kind of story would never suit you all. Ruthie wants a short fairy story, I know. Teddy wants “a great long” one about robbers and bandits, and Maude wants a quiet little story with nothing scary in it, while Allyn is anxious for a sort of historical romance, with Indians and wild animals, too, so, as I cannot please you all at once, I will tell you something of my visit to the Grangers, and



why they seemed to me the happiest family I ever knew.

“I began to watch them very closely a few days after I arrived, to see if I could find the reason of it, and I believe that I did.

“To begin with, there are seven children in the family, and you might naturally expect there would be a great deal of noise there, and a good deal of disputing, especially as there are four boys in the crowd.

“Well, they do make a good deal of noise out doors, and even in doors, when they come home from school, but as soon as they enter the sitting-room door, a little nickel-plated bell that hangs just there goes ‘tinkle ! tinkle !’ and in a moment everybody remembers.

“The boys go to the back hall to hang up hats and school bags, and the girls go to the nursery to have faces and hair ready for dinner. The boys go to their own room for the same purpose, and then, the very moment the dinner bell



sounds, every one of them moves to the dining-room. There is no running and scuffling to get in first, or for seats, or for anything; no, not even for potatoes!"

Here a smile passed round the audience, but Aunt Susie did not say anything about it, or even wonder why!

"I must tell you the children's names just as they come. Rob's the eldest, then Gerald, called 'Jerry' for short, then Lucy, then Ethel, then Rosebud, then the twins, Marcolme and Barnett, known as Mar and Bar. The twins are just beginning to come to the table, and, of course, they sit one on either side of mamma.

"Rob takes care of Rosebud, the youngest girl, and Jerry sits between Lucy and Ethel, so that he may help them if necessary.

"They do not all try to talk at once, and do not seem to find it hard for some one else to speak first; and if any one wishes to speak or to be helped while some of the grown people are



talking, he raises his hand and at once Mrs. Granger says,

‘Well, dear?’

“But one of the most interesting things about them, to me, is their beautiful table manners, and I must tell you about that.”

“O! Aunt Susie, what’s the use of table manners any how,” said Allyn, “people go to the table to eat, and what is the use of fussing about how they do it? All this bother about never eating with your knife, and not helping yourself first, seems like wasting time to me, ’specially when a boy is in a hurry all the time, either going to school, or something else.”

“What’s the use of table manners!” exclaimed Aunt Susie. “What’s the use of any kind of manners anywhere? I can hardly begin to tell you how useful they are; but I want to say this. There are a great many things so universally done by people that respect themselves, and want to be respected by others, that



we can hardly argue about them. We just say this is a custom among refined and educated people, and if we wish to take our places among them we follow their customs. But it is true that there is a great deal of common sense at the bottom of most customs. Public opinion is so strong against this habit of eating with a knife rather than a fork, that if a person should sit down at a hotel table among strangers and use his knife when custom says use the fork, nine out of ten people who saw him would say that he was neither educated or refined.

“Now, let me tell you how pleasantly and funnily they keep in mind these same table manners that you think of no use. Just inside the dining-room door is a little box hanging against the wall. It has a slit in the top, and on the front is written in gold letters,

‘MRS. MANNERS’ BOX.’

“If anybody forgets and talks too loud at table, or uses his knife except for cutting, or



drops syrup on mamma's clean cloth; whoever sees him or her taps on the table, and he looks up and remembers! Then he drops a penny in Mrs. Manners' Box, and it is put away for Christmas gifts for the poor children in the neighborhood. If anybody happens late for breakfast, he drops a penny, and if anybody is studying, or reading, or playing, and does not come promptly to table, he drops two pennies!"

"'Twouldn't do for us to have a Mrs. Manners' Box, Aunt Susie," said Teddy slowly; "I'd be dead broke."

Everybody laughed at this of course.

"But where do they get the pennies?" asked Ruth eagerly.

"Why, that is one of the good family arrangements at Sunny Side. Every month their papa gives each one of them a small allowance of money, which they can spend *if they do not have to put it in the box!*



“One more pleasant custom of theirs I want to tell you of, and then I must write a letter that must go by to-morrow’s mail.

“When they go into the sitting-room they do not take possession of it. They go there as members of the family circle, they laugh and talk and play games together, or with some of the grown people, and if it is Friday evening this goes on until nine o’clock, when that wonderful little bell goes tinkle! tinkle! and either Rob or Jerry gets the Bible for Mr. Granger, everybody stops talking, and he has prayers.

“The last Friday evening in every month is particularly interesting, because then the Manners’ Box is opened, the money counted, and mamma’s report is read, and a prize given to the best behaved boy or girl.

“Some other time I will tell you how Jerry lost the prize, if you care to hear about it.”

“Yes! yes!” came the chorus, and Allyn added, “Yes, I’d like to hear now of some of



them doing something wrong—like the rest of us !”

“Ah ! you may be sure, my dear, they do wrong, for they are human, but very noble boys and girls for all that. Now, good-bye.”



## CHAPTER II.

### WHY JERRY LOST THE PRIZE.

“**I** DO think that Jerry Granger was the most mischievous boy that I ever knew,” said Aunt Susie, when they had gathered round her for another tale.

“He began when he was such a little fellow, and his mother found it so hard to control his love for playing practical jokes. She said that while it was often harmless, it was nearly always a very selfish pleasure; for very few people liked to be teased, or to become the victims of a boy’s practical joke.

“When only three years old, he discovered a pan of bread that had been set to rise, and covered it with several shovelful of ashes. When his mother called him and questioned why he had done it he replied:



“ ‘Me was jus’ doin’ it for fun. Me wanted to see vat goin’ to happen. Dat’s all.’

“And his mother said quietly:

“ ‘Well, Jerry, you have spoiled our supper for fun; now, mother must spoil your fun. I will get you a biscuit and a cup of water for your supper, and then you must go to bed and stay until morning.’

“Jerry shed a few tears, but had too much sense to justify himself. And he never put ashes in the bread pan any more.

“But I want to tell you how he lost the prize. Of course it was harder for him to get a prize for good behavior than for any of the others, just because teasing and mischief counted with mamma. But he was an ambitious boy, and because this was a hard prize to get, Jerry wanted to win it. Maybe it would have been well for him to have had a better motive.

“ ‘I mean to get the prize next month, mamma; you see if I don’t,’ he said one Friday night.



“‘I hope that you will, my dear. Mother would be very proud for you to receive it. You know the prize is nothing in itself. It is only valuable because it shows that you can do well, and that papa and mamma are pleased.’

“‘It is not that I pay my children for doing right, but that I want to encourage them, and to show them how pleasant the consequences of obedience and right-doing are.’

“Jerry went to bed that night making many resolutions:

“‘I won’t pull Rosebud’s curls.

“‘I won’t call Mar a baby because he cries so easily.

“‘I won’t hide Rob’s pencil, or rubber, or book-strap.

“‘I won’t even pull Kitty Cat’s tail to hear her holler.

“‘I won’t’—but before he had finished that sentence he was far away in the Land of ‘Wynkin and Blynkin and Nod!’



“The next day he was so quiet and so good that Rob said:

“ ‘Jerry must be sick!’

“ ‘Oh! no!’ said Lucy, ‘don’t you know he is trying for the prize!’

“At breakfast, Lucy and Ethel had eaten without missing either their biscuits or handkerchiefs, something very extraordinary when you remember that Jerry was sitting between them.

“All day Jerry wore a thick red string tied around his finger and a little piece of white paper pinned on the lappel of his coat.

“ ‘What’s that string for, Jerry?’ asked Ethel laughing.

“ ‘And what have you got that paper pinned on your coat for?’

“ ‘Oh! just to remind me of something,’ he replied mysteriously.

“Saturday night the Grangers call Sunday-school night, because everybody gathers around the table with papa and mamma and studies the



lesson for next day, and it is generally the pleasantest evening of the week.

“Papa is the leader, but every one takes turns to be teacher. And the teacher feels very proud when some one is sent to the foot of the class; for you see they have ‘head and foot’ in that Sunday-school class!

“Jerry was so quiet that his silence was almost oppressive. Nobody had to say, ‘O Jerry!’ and the little bell did not ring once.

“After prayers, when all the children were gone, Mr. Granger said:

“‘My dear, what has come over Jerry? He is so quiet. Is he quite well?’

“Mrs. Granger laughed.

“‘Why, certainly! didn’t you see what a supper he ate? You forget that he is trying hard for the prize this month!’

“‘Oh! oh! well, I must remember that.’

“Sunday was always an interesting day at Sunny Side, and Jerry passed this particular



Sunday without a tinkle of the bell at home, or a nod from mamma at church.

“‘But I never could have done it,’ thought Jerry, “‘if it hadn’t been for the red string around my finger!’

“Sometimes in the effort to keep from teasing some one, his face would get very red, and it was hard to keep from laughing at him; but one of the household rules at Sunny Side was, ‘No laughing at people’s efforts to do right!’ and so Jerry went to bed Sunday night with a great feeling of satisfaction in his heart.

“The next Sunday was a beautiful fall day. The sun shone brightly. The skies were as blue, and the birds sang as sweetly as if it was spring time, and of course the children were all happy, and their spirits high.

“Unfortunately for Jerry, one of his school mates, who was a very solemn-looking fellow, sat just in front of him in church.

“This boy had very red hair, and just before



service began, Jerry, recalling a joke that he had heard a few days before, put out his hands to the boy's head, as if to the fire, and then rubbed them together.

"All of the other children remembered the joke, and saw what he meant, and this was too much for their gravity, and for that of some large girls sitting just behind him, and Mrs. Granger, who had her head turned away, was startled by hearing a very decided, though suppressed titter from the whole family!

"When she glanced down from the pew, anxiously, Jerry's face was very red, and he was trying to look very innocent and grave.

" 'What is the matter?' said Mrs. Granger in a loud whisper.

" 'Nobody dared to speak for fear of laughing aloud.

" 'Tell Jerry to come next to me.'

"By this time Jerry was feeling very badly. The red string and the white paper and all of



his good resolutions together had not saved him. And yet afterwards, when he was talking to his mother and confessing how sorry he was to have been irreverent in church, he said:

“ ‘But, mamma, I didn’t do it just to be irreverent. I didn’t stop to think; it just seemed as if I must, for Alf is such an old, solemn prig!’

“Mrs. Granger tried to make it plain to him that a thing may be very innocent in itself, and yet become wrong, by reason of circumstances.

“ ‘Oh! mamma, will I lose the chance of getting the prize this month?’ he asked in a troubled tone.

“ ‘I wish you would think of the sin of irreverence, and of God’s displeasure rather than of the prize. I hope that I will never have to feel as mortified again at the behavior of one of my children. But remember, my dear, as to the prize. It is not given for perfect conduct—that is an impossible thing, but it is given for



honest, faithful effort to obey, even in little things.'

"So Jerry was encouraged to begin again on Monday.

"But, my! he couldn't throw water on Rob while he was bathing; he 'couldn't do anything!' as he expressed it.

"'Oh! oh! and there are two more Sundays, too.' Jerry felt very much aggrieved.

"'Sometimes there are five Sundays,' said Lucy. 'There were five that month that I got the prize.'

"'Oh! yes; but you are a girl, and an awfully quiet one at that.'

"Jerry did not say this scornfully. He really meant it as a compliment, and the Granger boys were trained to think that their sisters were almost as lovely as mamma, and they really believed that girls were naturally better than boys.

"The weeks rolled on, and the last week of



November came. Jerry's month of trial for the prize would be out on Friday. He woke up on Monday morning with many resolutions, and a red string tied around each wrist. Besides the strings, there was the piece of white paper pinned on his coat. But the frosty weather, or the fact that Christmas was coming—something affected him, for he seemed perfectly wild with mischief.

“Monday, he hid Lucy's favorite doll and tripped up Rob. Tuesday, he was quieter and penitent. Wednesday, he knocked a boy down at school because he laughed at his ‘bracelets.’

“Thursday, what did he do? Oh! yes, he put salt in Lucy's coffee on the sly; then, in the evening, he hid behind the parlor door and scared poor little Mar and Bar as they were coming down stairs, and they both fell down, and Bar fell across a stick of wood and cut his forehead.

“Mrs. Granger was afraid that Jerry had done the mischief, but she waited for him to confess;



for the Grangers were required to tell her themselves of their own wrong-doings. She believed that 'an honest confession is good for the soul.' So that night when he went to his mother's room for the ten minutes each of them always had alone with her before bed time, he began:

" 'Mamma, I know I've lost my chance at the prize. Those strings don't do a bit of good. When the mischief rises it seems as if I had to do it.'

" 'Well, dear, let me ask you something, does my boy ask God to help him? This should be one of your first petitions every morning.'

"Jerry hung his head. He had never thought of asking God to help him about these little things, they were not real sins, and mamma had never really forbidden him to do them.

" 'Try it to-morrow, will you, dear?'

" 'I will,' said Jerry very sorrowfully.

"But it was too late to help him win the prize this time, and he saw Ethel take it, and bore it right bravely."



## CHAPTER III.

### ROB'S LESSON.

THE supper-bell brought the story to a rather abrupt conclusion, but as it was Friday night, and the Holmes always took holiday, they all begged Aunt Susie to "talk Grangers" again, as Allyn said.

"Well," said Aunt Susie, "there is a plenty more to tell, and I will tell you how Rob learned a very valuable lesson.

"If Jerry found it hard to win the prize because he was full of mischief, I think Rob's trouble came from his temper.

"Poor fellow! he certainly had a hard time trying to get the upper hand of it.

"If he was hungry, he was cross; and, you know, boys are hungry so often. If anybody differed from him, the hot words came pouring out.



“He had a strong will, and made up his mind quickly as to what he would do, and then he could not wait a minute or be argued with at all, but, as Lucy said, ‘would just fall to pieces.’

“So, you see, I have shown that another of the Grangers was not perfect. But, no matter how cross he was, no matter how set in his way, one thing Rob Granger knew, and that was the meaning of the word obedience.

“When his father or mother spoke, no matter how angry he was, he stopped off short. Then, he never sulked or pouted. Under that quick temper there was a loving heart, and a sweet nature.

“But when the spring days came, being in school, studying was a sore trial to Rob. He loved hunting and fishing, and all out-door sport, so that sometimes, when he would come out of school, with all his pent-up energy and love of pleasure, it was dangerous to tease, or to oppose him.



“The great lesson of his life came to him just this way :

“Rob was now thirteen years old, and little Rosebud, the youngest girl of the family, was his especial pet. He loved her, I think, next best to his mother, of all the world.

“He came from school one day, hungry, tired, and eager to go fishing. Poor little Rosebud was taking measles that day, though nobody knew it. She was, consequently, very fretful, and had been crying for ‘Buddy’ all the morning, and when he came home, of course, she expected to be with him and to be petted.

“But Rob was busy getting his fishing tackle ready, and so had not time, or thought he had not, to bother with Rosebud, and so, in a tone in which he did not often speak to her, he said :

“O Rosebud ! get away from here. Go ’long in the house to mamma. I’m going fishing after dinner, and have to fix up my tackle now.’ And he pushed her rudely away.



“Poor little feverish Rosebud ! her heart was almost broken at these cross words, and she tottered away and threw herself down, with her lovely face on her arm, and sobbing pitifully :

“ ‘O Buddy ! Buddy ! me so sick !’

“Now, if Rob hadn’t been hungry and cross, and going fishing in the bargain, he would have lifted her and coddled her to her heart’s content ; as it was, he said a second time :

“ ‘Go ’long to mamma,’ and he gave her another push, and turned away to make a search in the tool-house for something.

“When he came out Rosebud was gone, and just then the first bell rang for dinner.

“Rob dropped his tackle and ran quickly to get ready for dinner, for there were only ten minutes between the bells.

“When he went into the dining-room, Mrs. Granger said :

“ ‘Where is Rosebud ? Who has seen Rosebud ?’



“Then Rob remembered the pleading voice in the yard, and his face flushed; still he did not offer to look for her.

“Lucy went to the nursery, and then to the kitchen, but nobody knew where she was.

“The cook had heard her crying in the yard, and calling ‘Buddy.’

“Here Mrs. Granger looked at Rob, and he looked up quietly and said:

“ ‘She came to me when I was busy, and I sent her off, but I’ll go find her, mamma.’

“His heart was in the right place again, and he rushed out into the yard calling Rosebud, and beginning to feel frightened.

“As he turned away from the tool-house, the last place he had seen her, he spied the dear little thing lying asleep on the side porch under his mother’s bed-room window.

“She had sobbed herself to sleep, and was lying on the floor with her flushed face, and looking like a beautiful picture.



“Rob gathered her up in his arms and took her into the house, kissing her as he went. She opened her eyes, and when she saw who was carrying her, threw her arms around his neck, saying:

“ ‘O Buddy! Buddy! me love you!’

“If she had struck him, Rob would have felt a great deal more comfortable, and many times during the dreary days and nights that followed, those words rang in his ears,

“ ‘O Buddy! Buddy! me love you!’

“She had loved him, although he had been so rough and unkind. And when the crisis of her disease came, and the doctor’s face looked grave, and his mother’s white face bent above their lovely little Rosebud, that the gardener, Death, seemed about to pluck, Rob slept but little, and hung about the door of the sick room, a very ghost of himself. He prayed that night as he had never prayed before, because he saw, as he had never seen before, his need of God’s help to



aid him in breaking the bondage of this temper and the selfishness that lay behind it.

“The burden of his prayers was, ‘O God ! save Rosebud’s life, and help me to govern my temper !’

“And his prayers were answered, the crisis of the disease passed, and the dear little child came slowly back to life, and to her beautiful mission of love. So far as I know, Rob has never been tempted even to say a harsh or impatient word to Rosebud, though two years have passed since then, and he is now ready to enter college.”



## CHAPTER IV.

### FRIDAY EVENINGS AT SUNNY SIDE.

“NOW I am going to try to give you a description of one of the last Friday evenings of the month at Sunny Side. It will be hard, though, for so many things were combined to make up the enjoyment of those evenings.

“Mrs. Granger was always finding new ways of making them pleasant. She always prepared something nice to eat for the occasion. Sometimes it was cake, sometimes apples and candy, sometimes chocolate caramels, of which they were all fond.

“Then they all dressed as carefully for the evening as if company was expected, and ‘played company,’ as their mother expressed it. That is, when that wonderful little bell tinkled, they all entered the sitting room, the boys escorting their



sisters, or leading Mar and Bar. They went up to their father and mother and other grown people, just as they would do if they were invited guests, and spoke to each in turn.

“ ‘Good practice,’ Mrs. Granger said; ‘that will save you many a moment of awkward agony some day.’

“Mr. Granger, who entered into the spirit of these Friday evenings as if he had nothing else in the world to do, generally began by reading the month’s reports, both their school report and that which their mother kept, called the ‘Behavior report,’ or the ‘B’ for short. Then the prize was awarded. After that began the entertainment of the evening. Some time during the evening they gathered around the piano, and sang very sweetly, while their mother accompanied them.

“The last Friday night that I spent there they had a beautiful evening. I think that Mrs. Granger tried to make it especially attractive



because Jerry had won the prize. He had not done so often enough for it not to be a great family event!

“Besides, it was Ethel’s birthday, and birthdays were always important days at Sunny Side.

“After reading the reports and opening the ‘Manners Box,’ and counting out the money, the little bell rang, and Lucy rose and recited very prettily a little poem, called ‘Birthday Wishes.’ Then Mr. Granger entertained us by telling how he was lost in an Italian city. His cab driver couldn’t understand his Italian, and so drove him miles away from his hotel before he he could make him understand. After this story, which was very funny as Mr. Granger told it, Ethel, looking very rosy, and trembling a good deal, recited Jean Ingelow’s lovely poem, ‘Seven Times One.’

“Next came a song by the twins, and then the bell from the dining-room rang. Everybody



looked much surprised except Mr. and Mrs. Granger.

“‘Why, mamma, what’s that?’ came in a semi-chorus from the children.

“Mr. Granger replied by making a low bow and offering his arm to Ethel. Moving forward then, he called out, ‘Fall into line and follow us!’

“Mrs. Granger escorted me, and the others ‘fell into line’ as readily as if they had been drilled for it.

“When we reached the dining-room door, what a pretty picture there was before us!

“Mr. Granger had seated Ethel at his end of the table, where there was a prettily iced birthday cake, decked with seven little wax tapers, all set on card plates with something written on them. There was a wreath of carnations and geranium leaves around the base of the cake.

“Besides this there were stands of fruit and other cakes, and a beautiful basket filled with



neatly-wrapped bundles, and with a card attached, on which was written,

“‘*For Ethel, with seven times seven good wishes for her birthday.*’

“How everybody clapped! and all said, ‘How lovely! how nice!’

“Ethel was quite overcome with bashfulness, and had to be helped to open her bundles. There was a lovely doll, candy, a ring, two or three books, and her first pair of kid gloves.

“Mr. Granger offered a short prayer, asking God to bless his little girl and make her a blessing, and then began a merry frolic.

“Everybody was happy; but I must think that the happiest of all were the father and mother, who had planned so much happiness for their children.

“Jerry was not forgotten all this time; his prize was a box of French candy, done up in white paper, and tied with bright *red* ribbon. There was a card on top, addressed to Master



Jerry Granger, and on it was the following verse, which afforded much amusement:

“ ‘Hurrah for Jerry!  
Let's be very merry,  
Because the prize he has won!  
Ah! sometimes red strings  
Are very fine things—  
And now my poem is done!’ ”

“I think the angels looked down on no happier family that night than the household of Sunny Side.”



## CHAPTER V.

### SUNDAY AT SUNNY SIDE.

“**I** DO not think that the children at Sunny Side ever dreaded the coming of Sunday,” said Aunt Susie, when they were gathered for another “Granger talk.”

“Their father had a very doleful experience when he was a small boy at boarding-school, which made him very anxious to make Sunday, if possible, the pleasantest day of the week to them. And Mrs. Granger was ready to help, you may be sure.

“As they always retired earlier on Saturday than on any other night of the week, there was no reason why they could not rise at the usual hour on Sunday morning. Therefore, when the prayer-bell rang they were all ready, and how bright and fresh they looked as they gathered



about the piano for the hymn which was always sung on Sunday mornings!

“After the blessing was asked at table, Mr. Granger would call out,

“Now, for last Sunday’s lesson Title and Golden Text!” and somebody’s hand would be held up, and Title and Golden Text given. Then, ‘Title and Golden Text for to-day!’ These would be given in chorus; and then the question in catechism would be given and answered, and with this introduction breakfast would begin—and what delicious breakfasts those Sunday breakfasts were! Dinner was always a cold meal; but how many dainty, nice dishes Mrs. Granger could make on Saturdays for Sunday, and the servants in this way had a whole day of rest.

“They had a ride of four miles to church; but the roads were good; and how sweet the odor of woods and flowers was! How gaily the horses trotted, and how short the way seemed!



“The afternoons were generally spent in the sitting-room in cold weather, and either on the piazza or out-doors under a grand old elm tree in summer.

“Mrs. Granger knew too well how hard it was for a crowd of lively, healthy children to keep still for any length of time, not to vary the ways of spending the afternoons.

“They often played ‘Guessing at Bible Heroes,’ then they made charades and acrostics from the Bible, and they had two Bible scrap-books, which were full of stories that they had helped to select and cut out of papers themselves.

“Then nearly every Sunday one of the boys, and maybe Lucy or Ethel, would carry some delicacies to the sick or the aged among the tenants on this large farm. This Mr. Granger considered a very important part of the religious education of his children.

“In this way it came about that they had a



striking proof of how God takes care of those who go on his errands.

“Rob and Lucy started out one Sunday afternoon to take some fruit to an old neighbor who had been sick for weeks.

“The house was a mile and a half away, and on a country road that crossed the railroad about three-quarters of a mile from home.

“They chatted as they went, never having a fear of any evil. Rob had never known what fear was; for if there was a rigidly enforced law at Sunny Side, it was that neither the servants nor the children should ever scare any one, or tell ‘scary’ tales.

“Lucy was naturally timid, but she felt very safe with Rob, and went along, sometimes stopping a moment to gather flowers, and most of the time singing snatches of some of the familiar hymns.

“The railroad crossing was on a ‘cut,’ and the road sloped rather steeply down to it. As



there were no Sunday trains on that road, they held hands and ran swiftly down, laughing as they went, and ran almost into the arms of a rough, ugly-looking man, who sprang towards them out of the cut as they reached it.

“Lucy screamed, but Rob, with a throb of fear in his heart, which was a new sensation to him, only said:

“ ‘Hello! who are you? what do you want?’

“The man was probably the worst-looking human being upon whom either Rob’s or Lucy’s eyes had ever rested. His clothes were dirty and ragged, and his face was grimy. His manner was very threatening, though he tried to smile as he said, ‘What do I want? That basket first, if it’s got any victuals in it, and I want that hat, and I’d take your coat, too, if it would fit.’

“All this time Lucy was clinging to Rob, and sobbing with terror.

“ ‘Don’t cry, sissy. I don’t want to take you; but hurry up, and let me have the victuals.’



“In a moment Rob remembered all he had read of the desperate deeds of tramps; in another, thanks to good training, he was praying, ‘Lord, help us, and don’t let him hurt us.’ He had no time for more, nor was more needed.

“When the tramp said this, he laughed a harsh ugly laugh, and put his hand on Rob’s basket.

“‘Please don’t take this; it is only some fruit for a sick neighbor. If you will go up that road,’ pointing towards Sunny Side, ‘I know mamma will give you something to eat.’

“The tramp laughed again, and said, ‘A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,’ jerking the basket from Rob’s arm as he spoke.

“Rob’s first impulse was to resist, but what was he, a slight boy of thirteen, against this great, strong man? And poor Lucy was almost dead with fright.

“He loosened his hold on the basket, and the tramp took off the dainty napkin folded across the top and peered down into it. There were



oranges and bananas and two lemons. He seized the bananas and began eating.

“Just then, while Rob was debating in his mind whether to leave the basket and go home, or to wait until the man returned it. Lucy, in whose mind a sense of the sinfulness of stealing had taken the place of her fright, said in rather tremulous tones:

“‘Did you ever learn the commandments?’ The man turned his blood-shot eyes upon her in astonishment, and said:

“‘Yes, I learned ’em long ago, but commandments don’t feed when you’re hungry.’

“‘God does, though, if you ask him,’ replied Lucy promptly.

“The words were hardly out of her mouth, when round the sudden turn in the road came two gentlemen on horseback! They had been riding so slowly along the sandy road, and were so silent, that they were close upon the scene before they were discovered.



“In a moment they took in the situation, and their unexpected appearance so startled the tramp that he dropped the basket and ran down the track before the gentlemen had time to say a word!

“When they did call to him to halt he was in a full run, and they turned to Rob for his story, which he told in a few moments.

“Both advised Rob to go home, as it was just possible the man would return and waylay him again.

“While Rob was no coward, he very gladly followed this advice.

“It was an excited group to which he had told his story when he reached home.

“As for Lucy, she was glad to cuddle up in her mother’s lap, and play baby for awhile, and she said:

“ ‘Oh! mamma, I b’lieve I feel more sorry for him than scared—now.’

“And when Rob went to his mother’s room for



‘ten minutes’ that night, he said, with a very thoughtful face:

“ ‘Mamma, I *know* now that God hears prayer, for he answered mine.’



## CHAPTER VI.

### CONCLUSION.

“THE Holmes were very much taken with the ‘Honor Roll’ and ‘Manners Box’ of the Grangers, and one rainy Sunday night when they couldn’t go to church, they asked Aunt Susie if she would not talk to their mother about the plan.

“Maybe we can try it,” said Ruth.

“Let me tell you one thing, though, Aunt Susie,” said Allyn, “if I am going to try for Honor Rolls at home, you will have to make very few rules, and make them very simple.”

There was such a comical expression on Allyn’s face when he said this that everybody laughed.

Teddy said very earnestly, “I think so, too.” Ted knew that he and Jerry Granger were enough alike to be twin brothers.



When Mrs. Holmes came they all tried to tell her at once what they wanted.

She put her hands to her ears and said, "Let your Aunt Susie tell me, please!"

Miss Susie then told her that they were anxious to try an Honor Roll, if she was willing.

Mrs. Holmes had heard her sister speak of the Granger's happy family, and the children had repeated some of the stories Miss Susie had told, and she was especially anxious to-night to discuss the secret of their happiness. She felt that it would help her as well as the children, so when they were all gathered around Aunt Susie she said:

"Sue, what do you believe is the secret of the happiness of the Grangers? I think you told me that you never saw any of them sulk or say a rude word."

"It is this: *Prompt obedience*," was the quick reply. "That is the secret of the children's side. On the other were these two simple rules: First,



*Don't have too many rules, and keep those yourself.* Second, *Wear a smiling face.* I do not ever remember hearing Nannie Granger say an impatient word to her children. Her patience seemed inexhaustible. The children all knew as soon as they were old enough to understand that their mamma meant what she said. If they began to disobey, either that wonderful little bell, or a word, generally just their name spoken firmly, but pleasantly, reminded them."

"Well," said Mrs. Holmes, "let us see if we can't learn something from them. Allyn, did I hear you say you wanted us to have an Honor Roll?"

Everybody laughed here, because Allyn seemed so startled. He had hardly made up his mind that he wanted an Honor Roll yet, but he said:

"Well, mamma, I suppose we could never get on the roll; but if you begin right easy, maybe we might have a Holmes' Honor Roll."

Mrs. Holmes smiled, but sadly, for she was



afraid that in her fear of being too strict, and having too many "Don'ts," she had erred on the other side.

"Suppose you make us a few rules, mamma, and write them in big letters on a paper, and hang them all about where we can see them when we look up, and then let us try to keep them," was Ruth's suggestion.

Maude was a timid, excitable child, and she said at once:

"Oh! mamma, if you do that, I'll just be forgetting all the time. Can't people live happily without rules?"

"God did not think so, dear," Aunt Susie answered.

"What do you mean, Aunt Susie?" asked Teddie in a tone of surprise.

"Didn't God give us the commandments? They are rules. And then we have a number of commandments that the Saviour gave—all beautiful rules by which we must live if we would please him."



The children were all thoughtful and went off to bed quietly.

The next morning, when they came to breakfast table, there was a large card hanging against the mantelpiece, and this is what was on it:

HOLMES' HONOR ROLL RULES.

Prompt obedience.

Be ready for prayers.

Remember that table manners count everywhere.

Be polite in the kitchen and on the playground, as well as in the parlor.

It is stealing not to study faithfully.

The Sabbath is God's day.

Kind words are seeds planted.

Don't tease.

Be gentle.

A place for everything, and everything in its place.

"Whew!" exclaimed Allyn, "there are ten of them. I'll forget the first before I get to the last one."



“I think not if you trust to God to help you,” said Aunt Susie. She knew that there would be much discussion of them—enough to fix the rules very firmly in their minds.

And so the Holmes family began to follow the Granger’s plan from that day.

Though Allyn talked as if he could never have his name on the Honor Roll, he began to try; and both his mother and aunt were delighted to see how soon the charm worked, not only with Allyn, but with all of them.

The Holmes family was happier than it had ever been, and there was not one who did not silently bless the Grangers, and thank Aunt Susie for introducing them to the Happy Family.



## “TOONSIE.”

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DON'T you think Maltese cats are lovely? Abbie did; and it was because she had the dearest, loveliest one you ever saw that she thought so.

Aunt Madge had brought it to her from New York. When she was going away she said: “Abbie, what would you rather have me bring you than anything else?”

Abbie thought a minute, for there are so many lovely things in the world.

“Let me see,” she said, slowly counting on her fingers. “A great big dollie? No; I’ve got one already. A pony? No; too much trouble. A doll piano? No; I’m tired of doll pianos. A— Oh! I know, Aunt Madge—a boot’ful little Maltese kitty, like that one we saw the other day.”

“But you know if you have a live pet it has



to be fed. Kitties can't live on love or petting, and I am afraid that our little girl will grow tired of caring for her kitty, and it will suffer, and maybe have to be given to somebody else; and that would be dreadful."

"But, Aunt Madge" (Abbie's eyes were flashing), "that would be 'Injun giving,' and you always say that is the meanest thing!"

For answer Aunt Madge caught up the artful little lawyer, who was using her own words to catch her, and said, with a kiss thrown in, "Well, well, a kitty it will be; but kitty will run away herself if you do not feed her well."

And so Aunt Madge came home with the loveliest little Maltese kitten. "Toonsie-Woonsie" Abbie called it at once, and she gave it a grand outfit of three neckties—a blue one, a red one, and a yellow one. Abbie was very happy, and changed Toonsie's ribbons frequently, and took her to walk, and remembered to feed her every day for two whole weeks.



Then a big snow came, and there was so much to do outdoors that she hurried off to school, and then hurried from the dinner table; and first mamma remembered kitty, and then Aunt Madge, and then good Mammy Nancy; but Aunt Madge said, "This will not do, sister. I told Abbie she must feed Toonsie if she was going to claim her. What shall we do?"

Mamma laughed, but Mammy said, "I know w'at's de bes' t'ing. I lub my baby, but de Lord holds weuns 'sponsible fur de chile, an' we got to learn to lub ebeyt'ing God made; an' you can't lub a cretur an' den starb 'im. Le'me take Toonsie down to my house, an' don' say nutten' 'bout it to Abbie. See w'at she gwine to do."

So Mammy took Toonsie home under her shawl one day, while Abbie was at school, and Toonsie didn't mind going, for she was used to being carried around.

Dinner time came, and Abbie came home and ran to her mamma in great excitement. "Oh!



mamma, we girls are going to have a show this afternoon; we are going to have the two-headed girl. Now, mamma, don't laugh; we are going to tie two dollies together, and put one dress on them; and I am going to show the loveliest, boot'fulest Maltese cat in the United States."

She looked down at the rug for Toonsie as she spoke, but, of course, Toonsie wasn't there. "Where's Toonsie?" she called and called, but neither her kitty nor anybody else answered.

"Mamma, have you seen Toonsie?"

Mamma didn't tell a story when she said, "I saw her in the kitchen this morning."

"In the kitchen?" Abbie didn't wait for an answer, but rushed to the kitchen.

"Maum Beckie, have you seen Toonsie?"

"Who, me? No, chile, I don't know nuttin' 'bout your Toonsie. I got somethin' else to do 'sides foolin' wid cats."

Maum Beckie didn't mean this for crossness; it was just her way of talking to the children.



Abbie was gone again in a minute. This time she searched the yard. "Kitty, kitty! O, Toonsie-Woonsie, where are you?"

She looked behind the boxes, and in the wood house, and even up in the big oak tree where Toonsie liked to climb. Then she went to the barn and called Toonsie again.

Now, Mammy's house was right behind the barn, and Toonsie's sharp ears heard her little mistress calling, and she mewed and scratched at a great rate to get out; but Mammy had no idea of having her plan spoiled that way. So she took kitty into her back room and gave her something to eat, "just to keep 'ee mouf shut," Mammy said. Then she came out and locked the door, because she thought that Abbie might come; and she did, in a few minutes.

Abbie came running down to the cottage, and said:

"O, Mammy, have you seen Toonsie? I can't find her."



Now, Mammy was very glad that Abbie put it that way. If she had said, "Do you know where Toonsie is?" why, then there would have had to be a story told or her plan spoiled and Aunt Madge disappointed. She answered promptly, "Yes, honey, I seen her dis 'blessed mawnin' when I was up to de house. Can't you find her nowhar?"

Mammy looked so innocent and so concerned that poor Abbie never dreamed that the sly old body had Toonsie locked up behind the walls of that very room.

"O, Mammy!" said Abbie, with her eyes filling with tears and her lips quivering, "I'm so 'fraid Toonsie is lost, and I love her so; and we wanted her in our show this afternoon."

Mammy was getting very sorry for her "baby," and was nearly ready to confess that Toonsie was in the other room, but she believed in managing her "w'ite children," as she called the Morgans; and, besides, Aunt Madge had planned this with



her. So she said, in a very consoling tone, "Nebber min', honey; you g'long back to de house an' git ready for your show. Maybe Toonsie 'll come 'long arter a w'ile. Cats is mighty hard to git los'—'specially ef you feed 'em well at home."

Poor Abbie winced under that last remark. "O, Mammy, I forgot to feed her sometimes, and maybe that's why she has gone off"; and she burst into tears and threw herself into Mammy's arms.

Mammy never could hold out against the children's tears, and was just about to open the door and let Toonsie out, when here came three girls.

"You, Abbie Morgan! What did you run off for? We've been hunting you everywhere. W'at's the matter?"

Abbie didn't want them to laugh at her tears, so she faced them and said, "I've been looking everywhere for Toonsie, to get her ready for the show. I'm 'fraid she is lost."



"No, she ain't. You're so foolish 'bout Toonsie! Come 'long. I bet you Toonsie's gone off somewhere to hunt a bird for dinner."

"On a 'scursion," said another girl, "a huntin' 'scursion."

They all began to laugh, and Abbie joined in, though the tears were still wet on her cheeks. They went back to the house, but had hardly got out of sight when Mammy put on her shawl and her sun-bonnet, and came out of the house, locking the door after her. She had a good-sized covered basket on her arm, and walked as fast as her rheumatic feet would let her. When she reached the house she went up the back stairs to Aunt Madge's room and knocked.

"Come in," called Aunt Madge, and Mammy opened the door softly, to make sure nobody else was there. Then she said, "Miss Madge, honey, le'me lock dis yer door."

"All right," said Aunt Madge, laughing. "You look very mysterious; what's the matter?"



Mammy turned the key ; then opened the basket and set it on the floor, and out jumped Toonsie.

“Why, Mammy, what did you bring her back so soon for ?”

“Miss Madge, I done wid dis t’ing. I can’t fool my baby no longer. W’en I see dem blue eyes a-runnin’ ober wid tears I liked to put Toonsie right in de chile’s arms. I done wash my han’s clean of de matter. Ef you an’ Miss Eller wants to keep de chile in mis’ry, you kin do it ; but you no ’casion to count on me, for I don’ help no more. De t’ing done run long ’nough, to my min’ ” ; and the old lady’s eyes snapped. She was quite stirred up.

Aunt Madge laughed heartily. “I told Ellie you wouldn’t stand by me long,” she said. “You are a coward, Mammy. You know we children could always manage you by crying ; but I think myself Abbie has had a long enough lesson. Come here, Toonsie.” She picked up the kitten



as she spoke; got a fresh, pretty red ribbon, took a card and pierced a hole in it, and then wrote on it:

“If you love me, show it, show it;  
Otherwise I’ll never know it.  
Feed your Toonsie every day;  
Then she’ll never run away.”

Then she put it around Toonsie’s neck, much to her disgust, and put her back into the basket. She took down her large cloak, her hat, and a thick veil, and put them on; and, without waiting to explain to Mammy, ran down the back stairs and around to the front door. Then she rang the bell. Rob opened the door.

“This is for Abbie Morgan,” she said, and then was gone “quick as a flash,” as Rob told Abbie.

Toonsie was scuffling and mewling terribly, when Rob opened the play-room door and said, “Abbie, look here.”

Abbie heard the well-known voice of her beloved Toonsie-Woonsie, and fairly screamed.



As she opened the basket out jumped Toonsie, objecting very much to the card.

When they read the card Abbie said, "I bet you Aunt Madge did it. Oh! my blessed, sweetest, precious, boot'fulest kitty, I'll never—no, never, no, never—forget to feed you any more."

And she never did.



## HOW JIM BEGAN TO BE A MISSIONARY.

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WHEN Jim was not more than three years old he began to gather together all of his sister's broken dolls and would play "Hopital" (hospital) by the hour.

He never threw away his own broken toys either, but was always trying to mend them.

And when he asked for "tales," he was always best pleased with stories of adventure, especially with such as told of rescue from danger.

He was the youngest child in the house, and as his brother and sisters went to school, he was obliged to amuse himself a great deal of the time. But Jim did not fret over this; he was a happy boy, and most of the time "p'etended like" the dolls and chairs, or leaves or flowers, were people, and he was "Doctor Jim" for all.



One morning he was playing out on the porch while his mother and aunt were sewing just inside the window.

They were talking of a missionary friend and of what a brave thing it was for him to go so far away seeking lost souls, and trying to help the sick and suffering.

Jim heard them, and as nothing concerning the sick and suffering ever escaped him, he threw down the broken doll that Doctor Jim had been trying to cure, and lay down on the floor to "fink" awhile.

"Aun' Lilla said somebody gone off seeking los' souls.

"I wunner w'at los' soul is? I fink I mus' ask mamma. Helpin' sick an' sufferin', dat means make a hospital an' div 'em medicine—dats w'at! I rish I could do dat, don know nobody w'ats sick an' sufferin'. I like to go an' fin' some sure 'nough sick people an' bring 'em to my hospital, an' make 'em well. If I go up



st'eet now maybe I can fin' somebody. If I ask mamma, maybe she say, 'No, no, Jim, you too little.' "

"I *ain't* too little!" said Jim, springing up with a flushed face, and a firm purpose. "I fink I go now. Mamma will not scold much, an' I come back pretty soon."

With this resolve, Jim picked up his hat, and started down the steps.

His mother heard him, but supposed that he was going into the garden, where he often played. Indeed, if she had seen him going out of the gate she would not have felt uneasy, for he was allowed to play on the sidewalk with the children of the neighborhood.

But this time Jim had large plans to carry out, and long years afterwards he said that he believed that he had his first call to be a missionary that morning.

He walked on until he had passed two cross streets, there he stopped.



"These chillen dat live on my st'eet, dey got plenty 'muners' to give 'em medicine an' make 'em well. I mus' go vay down Centre st'eet vere mamma an' Aun' Lilla go some time."

He turned the next corner, and wandered on sometime, looking very hard at everybody in his search for the "sick an' sufferin'." At last his earnest wish was granted, for here came a boy with his eye tied up, and carrying a poor, sick baby in his arms.

"Hello!" said Jim bravely. "W'ere you goin'? W'at's ze matter wiv de baby? an' w'at's you got your head tied up fur?"

The boy did not appreciate Jim's kind inquiries very much and would have passed on, but curiosity got the upper hand. He was not used to having nicely-dressed, clean-faced boys asking about his affairs as if they cared. He answered very gruffly:

"Jeb Scooner banded my eye, dat's w'at, an' I'll get even wid him yet. De baby's got der



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whoopin' cough. My name's Nick Grubbin, w'at's yourn?"

"Me name Jim. I got a hopital, an' you better come dere, an' bring de baby, too. I make you well quick."

Seeing that Nick Grubbin was laughing, Jim said very proudly, "I name Docker Jim—an' you better come to my hopital. I make you eye well; give you canna, too."

I am sure that he would never have succeeded in getting these patients but for the bait he held out.

Nick Grubbin did not often taste candy, excepting at the church Christmas celebrations, and the prospect of candy was a greater inducement than Doctor Jim's treatment.

"Say, now," he said to Jim with a shrewd look on his face; "Say, now, are you a guyin' me. If you do I'll mawl you! W'ar's your hospitle? I can't carry this cryin' baby far."

Jim didn't know what "guy" meant, but he



knew that he wanted to get Nick to his hospital.

“ ’Taint far to my hospital, an’ it’s pitty dere, an’ my mamma an’ Aun’ Lilla live dere an’ dey ’ll div you bwead an’ lasses, an’ canna, too, I pec.”

Nothing more was needed, and Nick moved on beside the eager little missionary.

In the meanwhile lunch-time had come, and Mrs. Cuthbert called,

“Jim! Jim! come to luncheon, dear!” Nobody answered. She put her head out of the window. Plenty of toys there, but no Jim.

“Why, where can the child be?”

“I’ll go look him up,” said Aunt Lilla, who was always ready for an excuse to find Jim.

She put on her hat and searched the garden and yard, and then went to the front gate and looked up and down the street.

No small boy in sight.

She went to several houses and asked for Jim,



but nobody had seen him. Then she felt a little uneasy, and went back home.

“Sister, Jim isn’t anywhere in the neighborhood. I never knew him to go off out of our neighborhood before.”

Mrs. Cuthbert was just the right kind of mother for boys. She said quietly:

“Oh! well, Jim is not a bad boy; I do not think he can be in any mischief, and he certainly has not been stolen, for he would have roused the whole of Myrtle avenue if an attempt had been made to kidnap him.” And so they quietly ate their lunch and went back to work.

Some two hours later the click of the gate latch was heard, and both ladies went to the window, and then both burst into laughter, for there came Jim leading his forlorn patients, only the number was increased by a very dirty girl of four or five.

Jim led the way triumphantly, his face wearing a look of importance that would have been



very funny if it had not been so touching. He had gone out into the highways and had gathered in some of the sick and suffering.

Mrs. Cuthbert laid down her work and met them at the door.

“Why, my boy, where have you been, and who are these children?”

“W’y, mamma, I dis vent to fin’ some sick an’ sufferin’ to pit in my hopital. I am doin’ to make ’em well, an’ you dis div’ ’em a whole lot ter eat, ’cause dey’s awful hung’y; an’ Nick’s eye got bangded, an’ de baby’s dot de hoopin’ cough, an’ dis girl, she’s, she’s—a she dis comed to see my hopital, so she can come here w’en she gets sick!”

Mrs. Cuthbert found it pretty hard work to control herself, but she managed to remark quietly:

“Well, mother’s boy meant right, but, you know, this is not a ‘sure enough hospital,’ and I am sorry you made the children think so. I will



give them something to eat, and then they must go.”

Jim’s eyes grew wider and wider open, and began to fill with tears.

“O, mamma! mamma! don’t you want me to help people?”

“Yes, but you must always ask mother first. You are only a little boy, and do not know how to work by yourself.”

Then Mrs. Cuthbert told the children to sit down, while she went to get them something to eat.

Poor Jim felt very badly. He stood for a moment with a very shame-faced expression on his face, but suddenly he remembered that he had not only promised to heal them, but to give them bread and meat, and candy, too.

He went to his mother with his head bowed down, and said very humbly:

“Mamma, I spec I’ll have to dive de chillen some candy, ’cause I promised to make ’em well



an' dat you dive 'em bwead an' canny, too, maybe. I *mus'* do dat, an' I fink I ought to put a clean cloth on Nick's eye, don' you?"

Mrs. Cuthbert was very much touched and pleased, and put her arm around the little doctor and said:

"Mother's little Good Samaritan!"

She hunted up some candy, and some clean, soft cloth, and then fixed a waiter of bread and meat, and took all out to the astonished children.

They ate greedily, and then Mrs. Cuthbert bound up the boy's eye with a clean cloth.

When they had gone Mrs. Cuthbert explained to Jim why it would not do for him to try hospital work by himself, but in her heart she thanked God for this missionary spirit in her boy.

The years passed swiftly, and all the time Jim was trying to do the Master's work among the sick and suffering, and he learned, too, what "lost souls" meant, and has helped to find more than one and lead him to Jesus.



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When he is a man, he means to be a "sure enough missionary," he says, but his mamma tells him that he *is* one now, and that he began to be one the day he brought his first patients home to his "hospital!"



## FRED'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONE—WHAT THEY DID.

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ONE lovely day in November when it was more like spring than fall, two ladies were sitting on a broad veranda working and talking.

They were Mrs. Neil and Mrs. Lawton, and they were talking about mission work, and how to get people interested in missions.

Now, while they were talking, Fred Lawton, who was the son of one of the ladies, was lying on the lawn near the porch, resting after a long spin on his bicycle, and he could hear all that they said.

“What can we do about it? Our society is not composed of rich people,” said Mrs. Neil.

“We can pray,” replied Mrs. Lawton, with a bright smile and with a strong ring of faith in her voice.



"Yes, I know that, but don't you think that working and praying need to go hand in hand?" Mrs. Neil's tones were rather doleful, and if Mrs. Lawton had not been such a cheery woman she would have been almost disheartened, for nearly all the members, including the president, talked the same way.

"Yes, my dear, they go together, but not always hand in hand, for I think praying goes ahead, gets directions, and then points the way to working. I do not feel hopeless. Let us agree to do much praying to-night, and until day after to-morrow to be shown how to stir up those who ought to work and to give. Our committee must not be allowed ever to fear debt. I feel that God will show us what to do."

In the meanwhile Fred Lawton was hearing all, and as he lay there, so still that his mother thought he was asleep, he was thinking to himself, "Why can't I do something for missions, too? Girls work and belong to societies. It



seems strange that there are no more Boys' Mission Bands. I don't see why men and boys ought not to care for missions as well as women and girls. Jesus is just as much our Lord and Master, and has done as much for us, as he did for them."

You will see, from these thoughts that were passing in Fred's mind, that he was a Christian. Yes, two years before, when he was twelve years old, he had stood up and professed before God and men that Jesus was his Saviour, and had promised to follow him. And he had tried to live as a Christian boy should. He read his Bible and prayed, and was a regular attendant at church and Sunday-school and prayer-meeting, but that may have been owing to his mother's faithful oversight. He remembered as he lay on the grass that he had never really done anything for Jesus.

Just then he recalled a story he had seen somewhere of a boy that asked his father, who



was a farmer, for money to put into the plate for missions, and his father, having an Irish potato in his hands, threw it to him and said,

“Take that! it’s all you’ll get from me.”

The boy took the potato, cut the slips and planted them in a piece of ground his father had allowed him for a garden, and from them he raised two bushels of very fine potatoes, and had enough left for a second planting. He got a good price for his potatoes, and was so encouraged that he planted more the next season, and made a great success of what he called his “Missionary Potato Patch.”

“I can’t plant potatoes now,” thought Fred; “I wonder what I can do instead?”

What was it that whispered “Chewing-gum” in his ear just then? It must have been the good angel that we believe every one has.

Anyway, the next thing Fred said to himself was:

“Well, I can save about ten cents this week



on chewing-gum. I guess I can have a missionary society of one," and he laughed to himself at his own idea. "It will be like the boy that said he was head of his class, and when his father asked him how many there were in the class, he answered, 'Teacher and me!' I'll be president and society, too. I'll try planting potatoes in the spring if Uncle Tom will show me how, and, in the meanwhile, I'll watch out for a chance to make some money for my society." He had no sooner thought that than he remembered what his mother had said about praying, going ahead and pointing out the way for working. His face grew more grave.

"I must ask God to help me, too."

See how God was beginning to answer Mrs. Lawton's prayer already, by making Fred not only anxious to work for missions, but making him see the need of prayer, too.

Fred found that just as soon as he began to work for Foreign Missions he began to want to



know more about what his own church was doing for missions, and he began to read *The Missionary*, and the bits of news about mission work that were scattered through the papers.

All this time he was finding ways to make his missionary money and to lay it up.

"Mother," he said one evening, "let me saw wood for you on Saturday, and pay me just what you pay Uncle Lewis?"

Mrs. Lawton thought for awhile, then she said, "Well, dear, once in a while I will, but I couldn't do it regularly, because that would be taking old Lewis' actual living from him, for, you know, he supports himself by sawing wood; but, as he saws for other people, I could give you the sawing occasionally."

So the next Saturday Fred earned his money by sawing.

It was not any easy thing to give up the whole of his Saturday morning to this work, especially when two or three boys were standing around and tempting him to stop and play.



"What makes you so awfully industrious anyhow, Lawton?" asked one of the boys.

"Earnin' his Christmas money, I bet," said another.

Still Fred kept on sawing. Some boys would have been afraid to tell for fear of being laughed at, but Fred Lawton was not a coward, and the boys all knew that.

"I say, Lawton, what's the use of being so mysterious? What's up?"

"I don't mean to be mysterious, but I don't think I'm bound to tell everything."

Then Fred thought, "Maybe if I tell them they will begin to work, too." He remembered a favorite verse of his mother's, "Provoking each other unto love and good works."

He stopped sawing, and, raising his flushed face, said pleasantly, "Well, boys, if you must know, I'm trying to make some money to give for Foreign Missions. Women and girls work and have societies and mission bands, and I



don't see why boys can't do so, too. And since I have begun to work, I find I want to know something about what I am working for, and, I tell you, some of the best stories I ever read, are the lives of missionaries. Talk about heroes in battles! they don't stand anywhere near some of those brave fellows that have lost their lives in the effort to tell the heathen about Jesus."

The boys looked at him in astonishment. Fred would have been astonished himself if he had taken time to think of what he had said.

"Where did you read about them?" asked one boy with some interest.

Fred answered quickly, "If you would like to read something about missions I will lend you my Missionary or some books whenever you want them."

The boys were hardly ready for that yet, and began quickly to talk of something else, but the seed was sown; and when they went away a thought struck Fred that made him run to the



house very promptly when he heard the dinner-bell ring.

"Mother, I have a new idea that I would like to tell you about sometime," he said at the table.

"Well, come to me just before supper and I will hear what it is."

Just before it was time to light the lamps was a favorite time for their chats. Fred loved these talks, and this evening he was particularly willing to come in.

"Here you are, my boy. Now for your idea," said his mother, as he cuddled down at the floor at her knee.

He soon told his mother of the talk with the boys in the morning, and especially that one of them had asked where he could read about the brave missionaries.

"And I thought, mother, that this was the way God meant me to do mission work. I might have a sort of circulating library of mission books among the boys, and that when they read



of the wonderful lands, and the brave lives of the missionaries, they may get interested and give, too."

"Why, yes!" exclaimed Mrs. Lawton, clapping her hands, "and who knows but that some day you will have a regularly organized Boys' Mission Band? And now, we must go to work and look for some very interesting books, 'Mackay of Uganda,' or 'The Life of Allan Gardener,' or our own 'Samuel Lapsley.'"

Fred did lend the boys some numbers of his Missionary and some books. At first only two or three cared for them, but the number increased to six, and, with Mrs. Lawton's encouragement and help, they formed the F. M. B. Circle, and are all reading and working and giving to the great cause of Foreign Missions. And this is what Fred's Missionary Society of One did!



## NAN'S CUP OF COLD WATER.

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“NAN! Oh! Nan! Nannetta! where is the child?”

Mrs. Wilford stood at the top step of the porch and shaded her eyes with her hands, while she looked right and left for her stray little girl.

The Wilfords lived at the very end of the pretty village of Bellton, and their beautiful lawn sloped gently down to a noisy little stream that emptied its clear waters into the river a mile away. It was one of the bluest of May days, the sunshine was warm, but the breeze was fresh and came laden with all sorts of delicious odors it had caught on its way across the meadows and gardens.

There were birds singing and busy butterflies flitting from one young blossom to another, and the bees were humming those drowsy tunes they love to sing.



The lilacs were in full bloom, and the trellis by the porch was quite covered by a large wistaria vine.

Everything out doors seemed newly made—the very day looked as though fresh from God's hand.

But where was Nan?

No wonder Mrs. Wilford could not find her in doors. Nan did so dearly love to wander about and dream.

A lazy girl you think?

No! not lazy exactly. Nan's mind and her imagination were active enough, but she was a "dreamer" rather than a "doer."

This morning, wooed by the flowers and the sunshine, she had gone down to the water's edge, and was lying in the shade of a large elm tree, on a mossy bank, with her eyes on the clouds that were drifting slowly past an opening in the branches of the elm.

And it was a pretty dream that she was dream-



ing. Mr. Goodman, her pastor, had talked to the children about "Cups of Cold Water," the day before, and had told them how much children could do to cheer the poor and the sorrowful. And now Nan was busy building a pretty story of how she found some people who were dreadfully poor, and had taken them food and clothing, and how everybody had learned to know her as the little King's daughter.

Now all the time Nan lay half asleep, and dreaming of beautiful things to do, Mother was searching for her to take an actual cup of fresh water to Mintie, her sick brother. Queer wasn't it?

At last Mrs. Wilford remembered that the elm was one of Nan's favorite resorts, and followed her there.

"Why, Nan! Mother has searched everywhere about the house, and had begun to think that you had run off visiting, when she remembered the elm. What are you dreaming of? for



I feel sure that that is what my little daughter is after, lying on the ground with neither book nor dolly."

Mrs. Wilford was Nan's best friend, and she was never afraid that Mamma would laugh at her dreams, so she said in quite an eager tone: "Oh! mamma, I've just been thinking of the cups of cold water that Mr. Goodman told us about yesterday. And I have been imagining some that I will give if papa moves to L—, or if some dreadful poor people would come here to live, like those we read about in the library books."

"But do you think, my dear, that 'dreadful poor people' are the only ones that need cups of cold water? Have you forgotten that when Jesus was talking to the disciples about the 'cup of cold water,' he did not say to the 'dreadfully poor,' but 'to one of these little ones,' and I think that he meant little children and the poor humble too; indeed, everybody that needs a cup of



cold water. And my little girl can best carry out the command of our Master by caring for the fretful, sick little brother up stairs, who is too helpless to wait on himself, and who Mamma is obliged to leave sometimes."

"Oh! Mamma, I really forgot about Mintie. Yes! I will go to him right away, and take him some fresh water just from the well. A sure enough cup of cold water," she added, smiling.

She ran quickly to the house, and bringing out a pitcher, she took it to the well and began to draw the water quite bravely, but Nan did not love to do this, and when she had drawn the water and poured out a cup full, and taken it up to the darkened room, where the doctor had ordered that poor little Mintie should lie, the room seemed very close and dark, and Nan felt as if she was practicing a great deal of self-denial, indeed, she felt rather a martyr until she saw the bright expression that came into the poor



little pale face as he said, "Oh, Nanna, me so gad! Me was so fursty" (thirsty).

Then her good angel whispered to her, "Stay and amuse him awhile. He is one of the little ones that Jesus has given you to care for."

And Nan listened to that voice, and when at last, under the spell of her singing, the tired eyes drooped and closed, and little Mintie fell into a peaceful sleep, Nan crept softly away from his side, and went down to the porch. It seemed to her that the sky was bluer, and the flowers brighter, and that the birds' songs were sweeter, and as she sat down on the step and leaned her head against the post, she understood as she had never done before:

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my little ones, ye have done unto me."



## ONLY AN ENGLISH SPARROW.

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FOUR boys, ranging in age from ten to thirteen, with sling-shots, after one poor little English sparrow.

That was what grandmother saw when she looked out of her window one afternoon not very long ago.

The old lady's hair was white, and her eyes were dim, but the fire of sufficient youth was in her breast to flush her cheek at the sight of this unequal warfare.

"Hugh! Artie, come here one moment." Hugh and Artie were her grandsons, and very fond of "Gramma," after their fashion, but just now their sport was very exciting.

The four brave boys, after a half hour's peeping and peering and dodging, had about found the nest of this terrible enemy, and were ready



to dart their cruel shots into the bosom of the young family. They did not respond, therefore, with their usual promptness to grandmother's request.

"Wait just a minute, Gramma! We 'most got 'em." And Hugh crept to another position as the clever sparrow flew to a higher perch.

"Now, dear boys! now! I have something important to say right now, to all of you."

Curiosity got the better of war-like intentions for the time, and all four boys rushed into her room, dim visions of various refreshments presenting themselves at once to their imagination.

"Boys, I have a question to put, and I will give a large banana to the boy that answers it best. How many sparrows would it take to make a boy the size of Will, here?" putting her hand on the shoulder of the smallest boy.

"Ha! ha! ha! the idea! why, Gramma, what you ask that for?"

"'Bout a thousand!"



"Lots of 'em," cried Jack, who had been weighed that morning.

"What do you want to know for, anyhow, Gramma?" asked Hugh, who was quick-witted, and knew something of grandmother's opinion of bird-killing and nest-robbing.

"Well, my dears, boys think a great deal of courage; so do I. And many boys will not fight those who are smaller and weaker than they are, and a small boy that can whip a big boy is considered a hero. Isn't that so?"

All heads nodded yes.

"Well, now, here are four boys—of course, they are brave boys!—who are all after one poor little sparrow and a nest, and who have been after it for a full half hour with four sling-shots and a ladder to help them—brave boys! And now, here's the question:

"What for?" And grandmother laughed and shrugged her shoulders until every boy seemed, somehow, no bigger than a sparrow!



They looked very curiously at her, and I think that they felt very curiously, too; but Hugh had pluck enough to say, "Why, Gramma! it's only an English sparrow."

Then Jack plucked up courage and added, "They are the meanest birds in the world, Mrs. Morton, and a nuisance everywhere. Why, papa kills 'em ev'y time he gets a chance, and so does Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown."

"They mess up ev'rything so with their ole patches of straw," chimed in Artie.

"They're no use, anyway, Mrs. Morton." Everybody put in some word, and all the time grandmother's head was shaking "No! no!" and the banana was not to be seen.

"Now, Hugh, you say 'only an English sparrow?' Do you think that God ever made anything without a purpose?"

"They have their mission in this world, and it surely is not to be a mark for sling-shots and



arrows and guns. Besides, are you sure that you are killing them because they annoy people, or just for fun?"

Honest Hugh hung his head. Indeed, none of the heads were very high.

"No use, anyhow! Now, some rainy day, if you will all come to me, I will read to you the story of some funny farmers who had all the birds of the neighborhood killed, and what came of it; and, take grandmother's word for it, then watch all the boys you know who just go about killing birds and robbing nests for fun, and tell me if they are noted for bravery and manliness.

"And watch too how they treat sisters, and mammas, even.

"And the boys who beat their goats and their dogs—and the boys who think it 'jolly' to tie tin cans of burning oil to cats' tails to see the fun!"

What was it, I wonder, that made Jack look



down at his shoes so hard? and that made his cheeks so rosy?

Hugh smothered a laugh, too, but of course it was just at the idea of such a thing.

“And now,” said Grandma, with a sweet smile, “my sermon is over, and I guess that as nobody made the best answer, everybody must have a banana.”

And the dear old grandmother opened that wonderful bureau drawer that always held something nice, and brought every boy a large banana.

The boys thanked her and then went slowly back to the lawn, where they held a grand council of peace, I suppose, for the next morning when grandmother came down to breakfast she found the following note laid on her plate, which we give for the benefit of other boys:

DEAR GRAMMA,—We have talked it over, and we believe you are 'bout rite, an' we are never goin' to fite four to one against the English



sparrow any more. But if they build on the porch we will have to pull the straw down, but not kill them.

Your affecshunate,

HUGH, ARTIE, JACK AND WILL.



# THE SNOW-BANK.

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## A TRUE STORY.

JOHNNY and Mary and Bart and Julie lived in lower South Carolina, where snow is a rare sight, and so, when they had what seemed a heavy fall of snow, they were highly delighted. Their father, seeing their delight, said, "Make the most of it, children, for it will soon be gone."

This remark set Johnny and Mary to thinking how they could keep some snow. They stopped snowballing for a while, and called a consultation.

Bart was for digging a hole, and filling it, and then covering it over.

"No," said little Julie, "that wouldn't be convenient. People would walk over it, and it might get dirty."



"Yes, and other people might steal it," said Mary. "I know! I know!" she added, clapping her hands. "Come into the play-room, and I will show you."

She led the way eagerly to the play-room, and to a trunk, which was the usual place for their toys. All of these she threw out on the floor, and then, looking up with a smile of triumphant satisfaction, she said, "There, that's the very place for it!"

There was a prompt agreement as to its fitness, and the boys laid hold and dragged it out into the yard, unobserved by any older or wiser folks than themselves. They soon scraped together enough snow to pack it quite full; then, shutting it down and locking it, all four tugged at the large trunk, dragging it up the steps to the door of their play-room, which opened on the back yard.

"We'll call it the Snow-bank," said Johnny, "and whenever we want snow to eat, or to play ball with, we can just come and get it."



"Only," added Mary, who was the provident member of the party, "we mustn't take much at a time, or it will not last."

A trio of voices called, "Course not!"

And Johnny turned the key again, drew it out, and was about to pocket it, when Mary said, with much dignity, "I was the one that proposed it. I think I ought to carry the key."

"All right," was Johnny's good-natured reply, as he handed it to her. And they went back to their play in the yard.

The next day was one of those balmy, sunshiny days that belong to Carolina, and the children went joyously off to school.

During the morning a mysterious stream of water was seen trickling into the sitting-room. Nobody knew where it came from, or what it meant. Finally it was followed up and traced into the play-room, and across the floor to a trunk that was locked, which was a still more mysterious discovery. The trunk was shaken, and a sound of water was heard inside.



Just then the children came in from school, and, hearing voices in the play-room, went in to see what it meant, for this was their own peculiar province.

“Children, what is the meaning of this? Where is the key of this trunk, and what is in it?”

Johnny’s face flushed, and he hung his head. Mary pulled the key slowly out of her pocket.

“Here’s the key, mamma,” she said very meekly, teased already, and conscious of having done a very absurd thing.

“We only tried to save some snow,” she added in a low tone.

When the trunk was opened, of the beautiful snow that they had packed the day before there remained only a dingy lump in one corner, and so much of dirty water as had not leaked out.

Papa and mamma felt too sorry for the poor children to laugh at them.











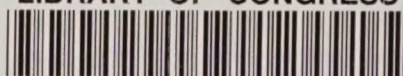








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